

Chambers

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Artists - C



# Artists of Abraham Lincoln portraits

Chambers

Excerpts from newspapers and other  
sources

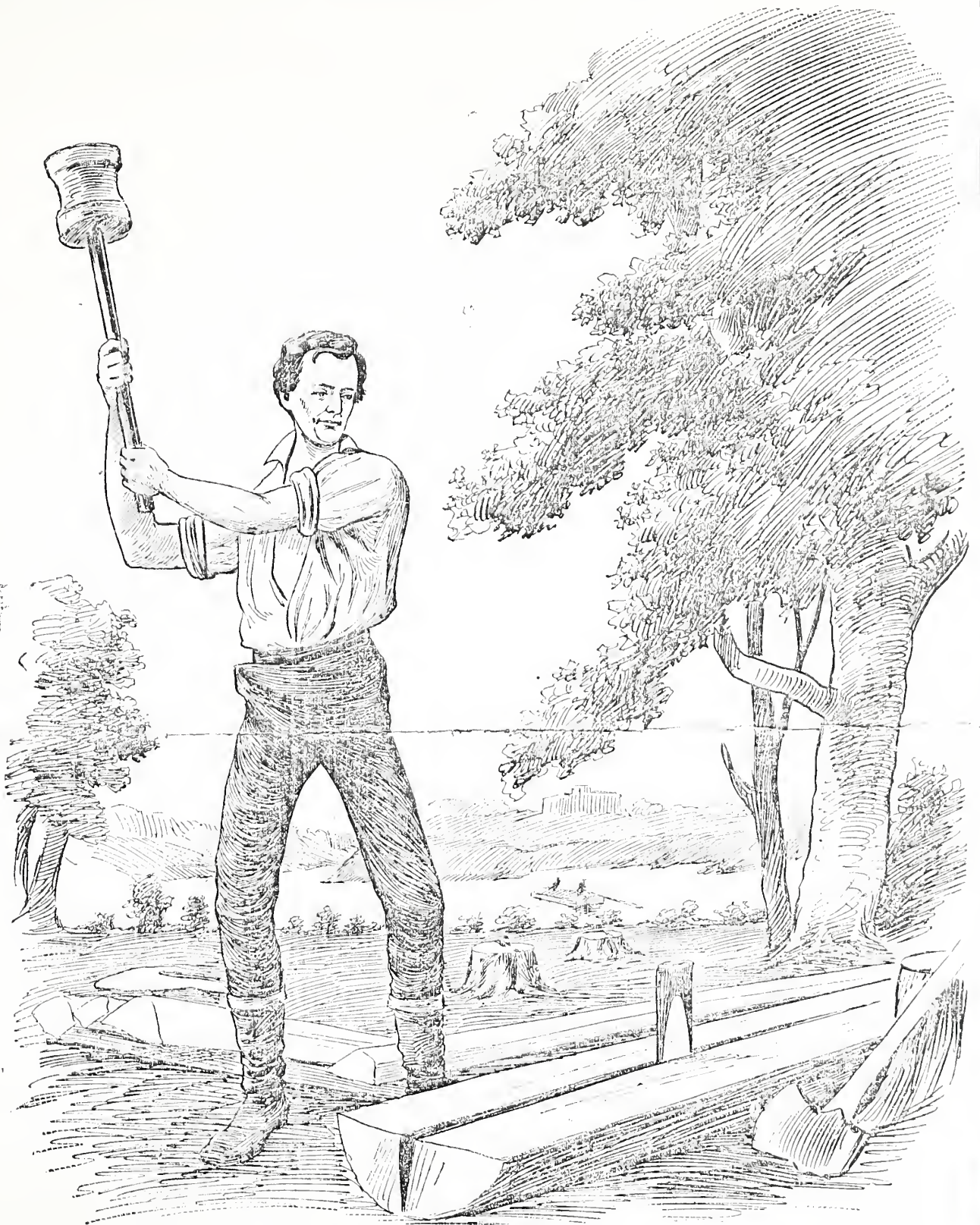
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# ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Born Feb. 12, 1809; Inaugurated President March 4, 1861; Died April 15, 1865.

LINCOLN, THE RAIL-SPLITTER—FROM A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PICTURE.








#### HISTORY OF THE "JUSTICE" PICTURE.

The portrait of Abraham Lincoln given herewith has never been published. Though it has a State reputation in Indiana, it has never been seen in Chicago. Tonight it will be used as the principal decoration at the Lincoln banquet of the Marquette club at the Grand Pacific Hotel. It is called the "Justice" picture, from the name of its owner, James M. Justice. Mr. Justice died at his home in Logansport, Ind., in 1889, and the portrait was left by will to his daughters, Mrs. A. C. Patterson and Miss Maibelle Justice, who now reside in Chicago. Mr. Justice's death was sudden and he left no written record of the history of the picture. Its present owners say it was painted in 1860 and was carried as a banner through the campaign of that year. It is about 6x10 feet and the figure of Lincoln is a little larger than life size. It was attached to a pole and not stretched. The name of the artist is supposed to be Chambers, and he is said to have been Lincoln's personal friend. James M. Justice first saw it during the war, when it was carried by a regiment of Indiana volunteers in which he had enlisted. The banner was hooted by the Southerners wherever they saw it. It was twice captured and recaptured. When recaptured it had a bullet hole through the forehead and had been slashed by knives. It was captured a third time, and Mr. Justice lost track of it for several years. He was determined to get it, however, and finally found it after the war in an old warehouse in Georgia among the effects of a man who had been killed in battle. Mr. Justice restored it, had it framed, and gave it the place of honor in his law office in Monticello, Ind. Later he moved to Logansport, Ind., where the picture remained until recently. In Indiana the picture has been carried in many Republican campaigns and the old soldiers know it well. It has been in the Justice family for twenty-six years.



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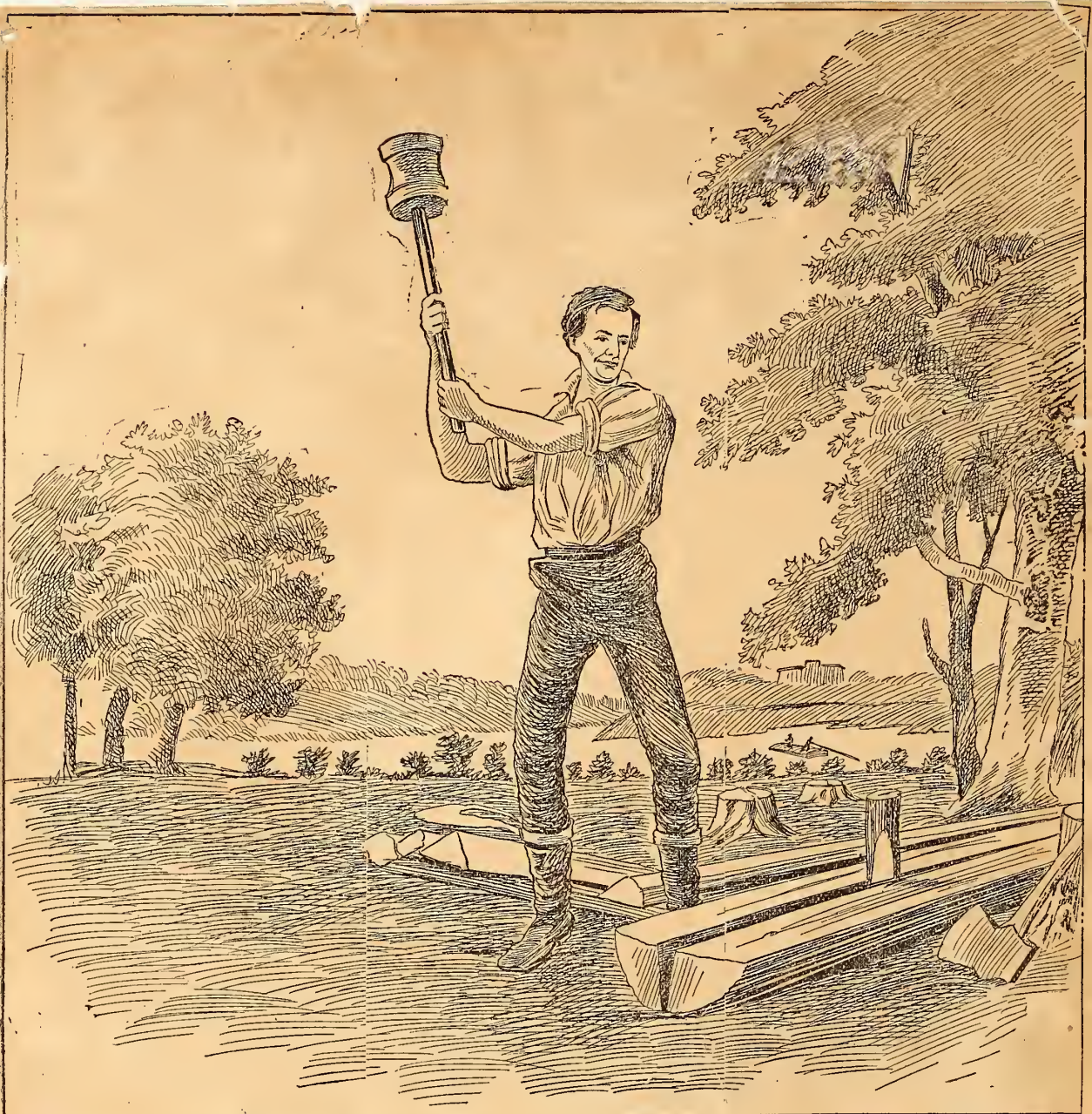


# LINCOLN THE RAIL-SPLITTER.

A Hitherto Unpublished Portrait of the  
Great Emancipator.

The portrait of Abraham Lincoln given herewith has never been published. Though it has a State reputation in Indiana, it had never been seen in Chicago until last year when it was used as principal decoration at the Lincoln banquet of the Marquette club at the Grand Pacific Hotel. It is called the "Justice" picture, from the name of its owner, James M. Justice. Mr. Justice died at his home in Logansport, Ind., in 1889, and the portrait was left by will to his daughters, Mrs. A. C. Patterson and Miss Maibelle Justice, who now reside in Chicago. Mr. Justice's death was sudden and he left no written record of the history of the picture. Its present owners say it was painted in 1860 and was carried as a banner through the campaign of that year. It is about 6x10 feet and the figure of Lincoln is a little larger than life size. It was attached to a pole and not stretched. The name of the artist is supposed to be Chambers, and he is said to have been Lincoln's personal friend. James M. Justice first saw it during the war, when it was carried by a regiment of Indiana volunteers in which he had enlisted. The banner was hooted by the Southerners wherever they saw it. It was twice captured and recaptured. When recaptured it had a bullet hole through the forehead and had been slashed by knives. It was captured a third time, and Mr. Justice lost track of it for several years. He was determined to get it, however, and finally found it after the war in an old warehouse in Georgia among the effects of a man who had been killed in battle. Mr. Justice restored it, had it framed, and gave it the place of honor in his law office in Monticello, Ind. Later he moved to Logansport, Ind., where the picture remained until recently. In Indiana the picture has been carried in many Republican campaigns and the old soldiers know it well. It has been in the Justice family for twenty-six years.—Chicago Tribune.

h. d. u. s.



THE JUSTICE PORTRAIT OF LINCOLN PAINTED IN 1860.



being life-size. It was used as a campaign banner in the Lincoln-Douglas contest of 1860, and probably originated during the Lincoln-Douglas debates.

During the early part of the civil war



ONE of the least-known portraits of Lincoln, the work of an obscure painter named Chambers, hangs in the museum of the Chicago Historical Society, and is owned by Miss Maibelle Heikes Justice, an author and dramatist, of 41 West Forty-seventh Street, New York. It is called "Lincoln the Railsplitter," and, while it is not a painting from the standpoint of portraiture, it is regarded as a fairly good likeness of the young man who eventually became President.

The history of the painting is interesting. It was originally the property of James Monroe Justice, an Indiana politician, who left the painting to his daughter, the present owner, at his death twenty-odd years ago. The picture was painted in oils on a large canvas, about twelve feet high, the figure of Lincoln

an Indiana regiment carried the painting as a banner and it was seen in many cities. Its existence is well remembered by those who saw it around Chattanooga and other communities. At one time the portrait was under fire, and the round bullet hole through the forehead is still visible. The picture was slashed with knives elsewhere, and the cuts, rudely sewed with heavy thread, also appear in the canvas. It was during the war, when he served as Lieutenant Quartermaster, that Mr. Justice first saw the picture and became interested in it. He kept track of it and shortly after the war became the owner of the painting and carried it to his home in Indiana, where it was well known during his life, as the picture was borrowed several times during the campaigns of both McKinley and Harrison, to be carried on a wagon in rallies. Hanging in the Chicago Historical Society's building, the portrait is exactly as

it was in early days. The canvas is wrinkled and protected only by a wooden molding, but it bears all the historical marks imprinted upon it more than fifty years ago.

After the death of Mr. Justice the Marquette Club, a leading Republican organization of Chicago, borrowed the portrait and kept it for sixteen years. It was always shown at Lincoln dinners. When the Marquette Club joined issues with the Hamilton Club several years ago and gave up its building the Lincoln portrait was turned over to the Chicago Historical Society by Miss Justice.

The society has frequently reported to Miss Justice that elderly people from various parts of Illinois and the West have come to see the portrait, and have pronounced it an excellent likeness of Lincoln during his younger days. William McKinley and Benjamin Harrison saw it before they aspired to the Presidency, and many famous men of the civil war were familiar with "Lincoln the Railsplitter," as pictured by Chambers.



Sandusky

R-NEWS—WEDNESDAY, FEB. 12, 1947



**LINCOLN POSTER WENT TO WAR**—The oil portrait, above, of Abraham Lincoln, posing as the "rail splitter candidate," was painted in 1860 as a poster for use in campaign rallies. It was once owned by James Monroe Justice, of Logansport, Ind., who died in 1889. At one time during the Civil War it was carried into action by a company of Indiana troops, and many stories have been told of its adventures. One is that it was captured by Confederates, who amused themselves by using it as a target. There are various knife cuts in the canvas, and a hole in Lincoln's forehead is said to be a bullet hole. The picture, now possessed by the Chicago Historical Society, is one of a number of rare Lincoln pictures featured in Paul M. Angle's *Lincoln Reader*, just published by the Rutgers University Press.



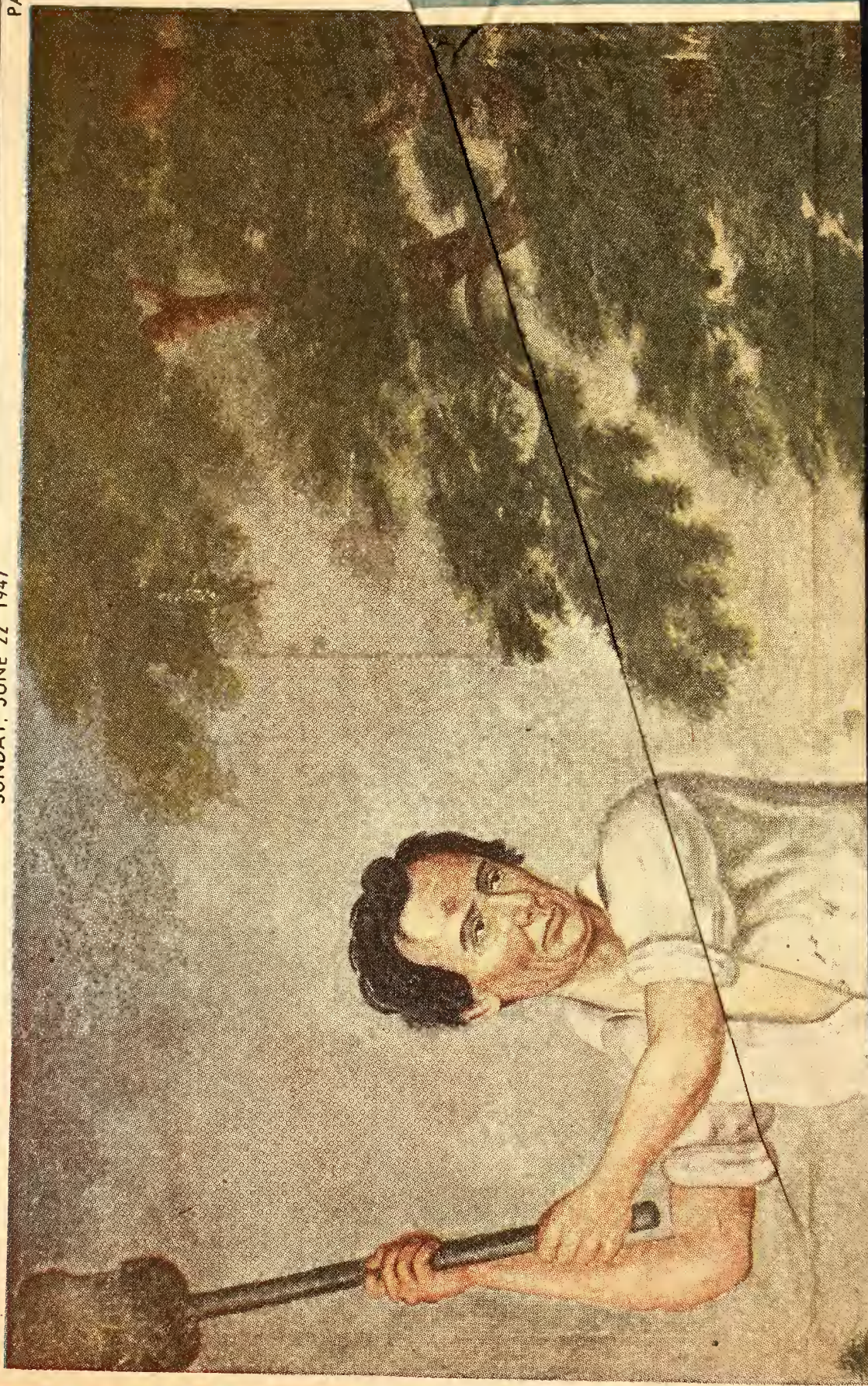


Chicago Sunday Tribune  
magazine of

# BOOKS

SUNDAY, JUNE 22 1947

PART 4







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**"LINCOLN THE LIBERAL STATESMAN," BY J. G. RANDALL**

old portrait of Lincoln the Railsplitter formerly owned by James M. Justice of Logansport, Ind., and now in the possession of the Chicago Historical society, whose director, Paul M. Angle, reviews Dr. Randall's book in this issue. The book is published by Dodd, Mead.





### The Front Cover

THE picture of "Lincoln the Rail-splitter" which appears on the front page of this issue has a history. The original canvas many years ago belonged to James Monroe Justice of Logansport, Ind., who died in 1889. In 1895 Mr. Justice's two daughters lent it to the Marquette club to be exhibited on Lincoln's birthday that year, and it remained at that club until 1912, when the Marquette club and the Hamilton club merged and the picture was turned over to the Chicago Historical society. A letter written by Maibelle Heikes Justice, one of James Monroe Justice's daughters, says the canvas was painted during the Lincoln-Douglas debates, was used for campaign purposes in the campaign rallies in the Presidential race in 1860, and then was carried thruout the Civil war by an unidentified Indiana company. What appears to be a scar in Lincoln's forehead is a supposed bullet hole in the canvas.



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and using the second and 12th letters from the end instead of from the beginning.

A fascinating example of secret communication in later times is the scheme tried out during World War I., when Choctaw Indians are said to have been used on American telephone lines, on the theory that any German who managed to cut in on the conversation almost certainly would be unable to understand it. The ingenious idea was not a complete success, however, as the Choctaw language is comparatively elementary, and so proved lacking in military and scientific vocabulary. But there is a hint there for a writer of fiction.

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Speaking of ingenuity, I am impressed by a recent communication from Prof. Humfrey Michell of McMaster university, a member of the Baker Street Irregulars of Canada. He has been brooding over an idea that he is reluctant to make public. It frightens him, he confesses, and those of his colleagues who have heard his idea reject it as something too shocking to contemplate. He wonders how I will react to it.

"To blurt it out," writes Prof. Michell, "it is this: We all know that a chap named A. C. Doyle was Dr. John H. Watson's literary agent. Is it remotely possible that this Doyle wrote all the Sherlock Holmes stories himself, and not Watson? Quite a respectable case might be built up on that hypothesis.

"For example, Doyle, a medical man himself, got to know Watson and wormed his way into his confidence. He got Watson's accounts of the various adventures from him and coolly appropriated them. Would not that account for all the mistakes, chronological and otherwise, that are so mystifying? Doyle was a good listener, with a retentive memory, but he frequently tripped up on dates. Later, by some means or other, he possessed himself of the dispatch box at Cox's bank and appropriated a lot more material.

"Was Doyle young Stamford? Was he Thurston, the only man with whom Watson ever played billiards? It is not hard to imagine him pumping J. H. W. over many games at billiards. And do not twinges of conscience account for Doyle's evident dislike of the stories, his insistence on the importance and superior excellence of his other writings?"

To tell the truth, all this once occurred to me also, but I put it aside rather than precipitate an international uproar. There is an immoral plausibility in the idea, however, and if Prof. Michell cares to work up the case, and accept the consequences, I am not inclined to discourage him. In the meantime, we have agreed to say nothing about the matter publicly.

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In Fenimore Cooper's famous novel of the Revolutionary war, "The Spy," there is an episode in which the spy, riding as deeply into a forest as he dares, ties his horse to a locust and proceeds afoot, notes Charles T. Davis in the *Arkansas Gazette*, and then he adds:

"In the bright lexicon of French trees there is no such word as locust. It is *sauterelle*, and it takes in locusts, grasshoppers, and practically every other kind of winged bug that jumps. So the translator [of the book into French] tied the spy's horse to a sauterelle and rationalized it for his readers by explaining that 'in l'Amerique the sauterelle grows to enormous size'."

• • • • •

Speaking of two novels, carrying his name, which had been made from successful plays, Somerset Maugham says in "The Summing Up":

"For long they lay on my conscience like a discreditable action; I would have given much to suppress them. But I know now that my qualms were unnecessary. . . . The writer can rest assured that the books he would like to forget will be forgotten."

half the night as well as during the day, with the help of a pair of opera glasses borrowed from her neighbor Joseph Cernak who vociferously didn't believe in private property as he drank an elegant cup of coffee from Mrs. Marsan's [somewhat chipped] hand painted Haviland of a Sunday afternoon. She could feel for Mr. Cernak's sister Jessamine, who had once been a famous opera singer until an operation for goiter had ruined her voice and her senses, and a passion for drink had clouded her lucidity. Nice Mr. Ingalls, who worked in the near-by A. & P. also for some of Mrs. Marsan's elegant coffee when he wasn't busy typing what every one thought were price lists, but which proved to be—well, you wait and see. But the haughty Miss Adrian Larsch appeared only once the day she was [almost disastrously] the guest of honor. She was too busy being "cultured" to bother with friendliness too busy even to recognize her dream husband when he was right there for the taking.

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Other neighbors were the fading Vivien and her "husband" Burt who found himself in love with the blonde realist, Coral Sands, who needed him as the self-sufficient Vivien never had. A skiffint proprietor of a drug store on the first floor and "Sid," his rival for the pennies of the local youth [Sid was a bookie on the side] and Nick the proprietor of the Tavern across the street also provided Mrs. Marsan with vicarious excitement.

Mrs. Marsan's poodle, Lady, although only a minor character in the book has romantic adventures which are more amusing, and much more convincing than the adoration of Mr. Ingalls for the ice-age goddess, Adrian. The love of Vivien for her wandering Burt is touchingly real, and even the Pollyannish romance between crippled "Joey" and the young man on crutches whom Mrs. Marsan picked up on the corner for her heart warming.

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Everything is as falsely real as a Walt Disney movie—and as touching and as heart warming. Not that "Give Us Our Dream" has a potential appeal to children. Heaven forbid, for it is hearty and earthy and definitely adult. But its false reality has that same happy quality of gaiety as a Disney film has. Don't inquire too closely into the literary quality of "Give Us Our Dream." There isn't much evidence of great literature about it. But it is suffused with something that even some



Chambers

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At 1545

